REFLECTION

Donald C. Cormack
16 Cottage Ln.
Weymouth MA 02188
335-7542

LECTOR

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL

MARCH ISSUE
1930

VOLUME EIGHT NUMBER FOUR

Editor-in-Chief
Iona Seach '30
Literary Editors
Leonard Bryant '31 Phyllis Clark '30
Josephine Caruso '31 Russell Dexheimer '32
Dorothy Pearson '31 Arthur Garland '31
Business Manager
Karl Gardner '30

Athletics Editor
Edwin Thomas '30

Art Editor
Wesley Williams '30

Circulation Manager
William Washburn '30

Secretaries
Winifred Hunt '30 Evelyn Howland '30 Mae Raymond '30 Louise Sawler '30

Advertising Staff
Frederick Andrews '31 Margaret De Boer '30 Alfred Denly '30
Elizabeth Freeth '32 Sue Harper '32 Constance Nash '31
Ruth Ogren '30 Frank Soule '30

Faculty Adviser
P. B. Brown

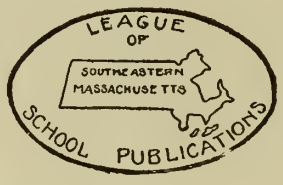
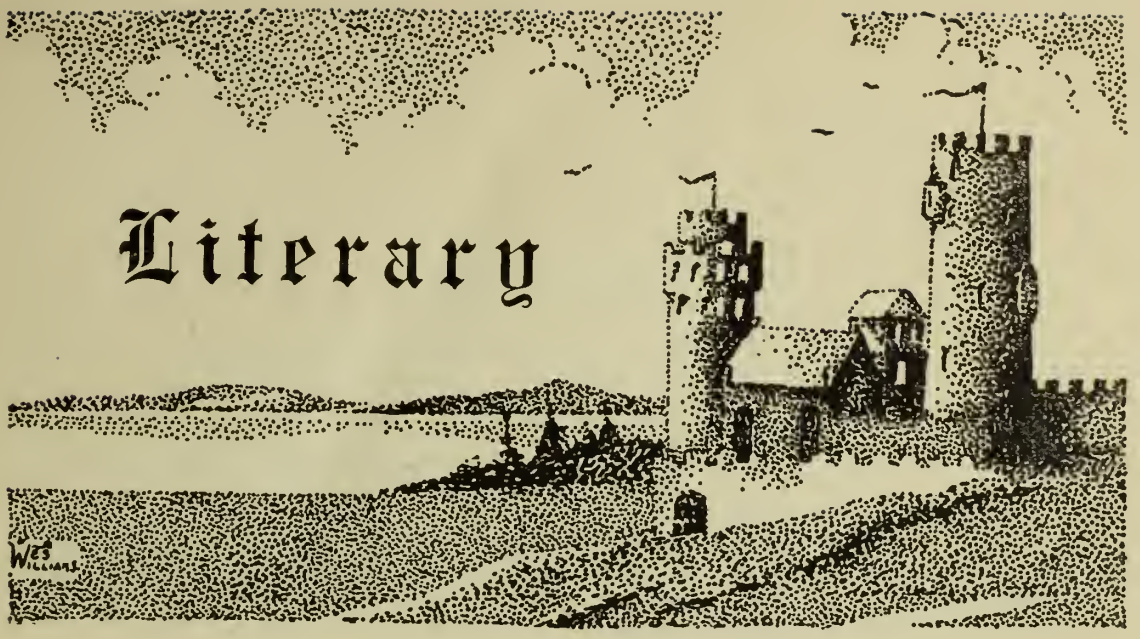


TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Literary Section		Hot Air	14
The Telling of the Tale	3	O'Henry Sees a Doctor	14
Twilight	6	A Case of Mistaken Identity	15
Guess Who	6	Study Period	16
Buddy's Ride	7	In Defense of Latin	16
The Climber	8	A Wise Visit	16
Difficulties	8	The Mystery	17
Is Our Past Ahead of Us	9	From Hangnail to Judy	18
Comus	11	Alumni News	18
Julius Caesar	12	The New Neighbors	19
The Autobiography of a Hockey Puck	12	Athletics	20
More Precious	13	The School	22
Only Students Between Ages of 9 and 99	13	The Crystal Ball	27
The Albatross	13	Jokes	28



The Telling of the Tale

"A remembered dream with an imaginary conclusion"

The tale was told to me on a secluded stretch of fishing coast between the mouth of the St. John River and the Canadian border of Maine, where Mother and I had elected to spend the summer months. It was a tiny settlement which could scarcely claim the name of village. There were few summer residents besides ourselves; yet a hotel, whose only apparent use was as a store, occupied a pleasant site on the water front.

The second day of our stay I had an errand at this hotel. As I ascended the broad steps, a girl, dressed in a manner which identified her as a year-round resident, approached me from the store window. "Good morning," I smiled in my pleasantest manner. She raised her head of wonderful golden brown hair and looked at me with steady hazel eyes. "I marvel that you have this fine building here. You are expecting guests during the hotter weather?" "No. No one ever comes here now." "But it looks practically unused." "It is. No one enjoys weathering our storms. We have dreadful ones that come up like squalls. My sailor lad could tell you that. He used to call me 'Laughing Sunshine' because 'You are always the merriest of all, even when we sail out. And after everything else has faded to a blur, I can still distinguish your hair,' he used to say. Then one day at sunset they were returning, I know Jack was looking for me. And I was standing on that boulder over there, waving. They had been gone only a month; but it seemed years to me. Then one of those pesky storms blew up. All night they tried to steer clear of the rocks with the wind blowing straight off the ocean. All night we watched and listened and prayed. Then toward dawn we heard, above the roar of the water dashing against the rocks, the sound of splintering wood. They knew—the fishermen's wives. I knew, too, that I would never be one of them. That's what our storms are like. That's why we don't have visitors, I guess. There was a man, the one who built this, who lived in a little cottage here. In fact, he built the hotel right over it. Nobody knew who he was or where he came from. He had a little girl with him. Then one day the little girl was playing with her dolly in the sand, and she disappeared. After that, Mr.

Man went away and never came back. That was three years after the storm. But I must be getting along. Stopping here a spell?'' ''Yes. Won't you visit Mother and me in the cottage up the shore? We're living in 'Rock-a-Way'.''

She nodded her assent and stepped lightly on the sand. The old storekeeper gave me a brusque nod. ''Mornin', Miss. Been talkin' with our Sunshine, I see. Know her story now, I bet. Tells everybody here at least once a week. Strange girl that. The storm is nigh thirty years gone. She was only a slip of a thing not quite eighteen; and she hadn't lived with us but a few months. Didn't know where she came from. Always thought she was a little off her moorin's. Suspicious of her at first. But she seemed all right after a while. She used to have a head of hair like fire. That night of the wreck she grew years older. Her hair turned like it is now. But from that day to this she ain't grown a mite older looking. Says she's keepin' young for Jack. Never could understand him. Said he came from Baffin Bay; but he didn't know much about fishin'. Here a few years ago she wandered off. But she came back all right. Just naturally queer, I guess.''

I made my purchases and with a remark on the weather I turned and looked out to sea. As I stood a moment watching the waves, one, particularly large, washed up around the side of the building. As it receded it took some sand with it, revealing what might have been the top of a window frame in the basement. About two feet from the building the wave removed the most sand, as though the firmness of the ground had been shaken by digging. A second wave made the depression even more pronounced and revealed still more of the foundation. When I had returned to 'Rock-a-Way', I found waiting for me my cousin, Alice Remick, who had occupied the same cottage a few seasons before. I expressed to her my opinion of the people I had met.

''I said that you'd meet some rare characters around here,'' she laughed. ''What do you think of the hotel story?''

''I don't blame the man for not coming back. But it seems a pity that the building should have been left to the mercies of the elements for the past twenty-odd years. I'd like to see what it looks like up stairs.''

It was a perfect summer day—the kind made for vacations when a lazy feeling takes possession of one, and the best occupation one can think of is enjoying the beautiful out-of-doors. We strolled along the beach down toward the cottage of the fisherman whose little daughter Alice knew well.

''I suppose she is nearly a young lady now. The summer I was here she seemed too old to play with dolls; but she was as pleased as any child I ever saw when she dug up that old doll in the sand. One eye was completely obliterated. Its hair was a sight to behold. And one arm was missing. But she loved that doll more than an ordinary little girl would a Marshall Field toyland specialty.

''You say she dug it up out of the sand?''

''Yes.''

''Where?''

''In front of the hotel. Why?''

''Don't you see, that might be the doll that the other little girl was playing with when she disappeared; it might be a clue.''

''Oh, I don't think so. Elise had any number of toys, and probably half a dozen dolls. Then too, it isn't likely that whoever kidnapped her would leave a clue so near home.''

''Quite the contrary, I think. He'd do that to fool us if he were clever enough. And I'm not so sure she was kidnapped. Anyway, I intend to get hold of that doll. If I can.''

By that time we were in front of the hotel. I looked for the depression the waves had made. It was still there.

''Look there!'' And I pointed to my companion the imprint of the waves. ''That happened this morning as I was standing here watching the waves. And see: It exposed part of the old bungalow. I'd like to explore that cellar. Either some one has been digging for that doll, hoping to find it where Elise used to play, or——''

''What a cheerful prospect your interpretation gives the world. You make me shudder. I declare I wish I hadn't come if

you're off on that track now. You're worse than the Rev. Knowal."

"And to whom have I the honor of being likened? Who is this Rev. Knowal person and does his character fit his name?"

"No. His name fits his character. He was dubbed that years ago when he first spent the summer in a little town about thirty-five miles from here. He gained renown through solving the mystery of the murder of his housekeeper's pet poodle. In summer, you know, folks aren't too busy to play with the least bit of gossip."

"Jingoes! I'm glad you spoke of him. I think I'll hike up and see the old boy. But aren't we pretty near there? I'm not keen on leaping over the rocks up ahead."

"Yes. And my little friend's cottage is about half a mile from here."

Another fifteen minutes' walk brought us to our destination. Nancy was certainly all that Alice had pictured her to be. She was still young enough to enjoy her toys, so I soon had her talking about her dolly. And when we left I had the prized possession with me in order to fit it to some new dresses.

When we reached home, we found Helen and Frank and their family down for the week-end. I related the story to them and showed them the doll.

"What's all the fuss about?" Frank asked. "Why not all pitch in and dig. Then I'll warrant you'd find out something."

"But I'd rather like to meet this Knowal person. If anything does come of it, I'd feel better to have someone else in on it, and see what he says. Just as soon drive me over?"

"Sure thing. Wouldn't your mother like to go? We can go after supper."

An hour after supper found us in search of Rev. Anderson, alias Rev. Knowal. We found a very smiling gentleman entertaining one of his friends, another minister. Both were wearing green ties. We made known our errand. Then Mr. Anderson turned to Mother as if to say, "Will you leave one or both of us come?" Mother in her nervous anxiety said to me, "I'll take the one with the green tie." Each looked at the other, smiled, and promised to come on the next day if the weather should be good.

"Let me see. The paper said, 'for north shore and vicinity, fair and warmer today and Saturday. Partly cloudy. Probably showers. Gentle, gentle,—' What did it say, Dick? Do you remember?" Mr. Anderson addressed his friend. "Ah! I have it. 'Gentle southerly winds.' I'm quite sure you'll see us tomorrow."

The morning was misty and "partly cloudy." About half past nine a beautiful rainbow appeared in the west and the mist rose enough to allow us to look around the point.

Early in the afternoon a group gathered at the old hotel. Mr. Anderson and his friends, seated on the broad steps, were discussing the possibilities of the case. Helen and Frank, Mother, Alice carrying the doll, the old storekeeper, Sunshine, and I completed the group.

"Well, we may as well to business," Frank said, picking up his shovel. The other men quickly followed suit, leaving the ladies only spectators. Soon the sand was shovelled away from the foundation of the building.

"There!" Mr. Anderson exclaimed. All eyes were fastened on the tiny object he was carefully wiping with his hand.

"The doll's arm!" Alice was the first to recognize it. It was indeed, the mate. She challenged me, "Well, what does that prove?"

Anything she might have said further, was eclipsed. Frank had uncovered the window and was swinging his shovel back to crash it.

"Stop! Don't! You must not!" All eyes were turned toward the uppermost story. It was Sunshine. "Well, I'll be—"

"I told you there was more to this than met the eye." Mr. Anderson and his companion renewed an evidently well-worn argument.

"It's her nerves, of course. I don't wonder with such goings-on." And Alice turned her nose in the air as she started back to "Rock-a-Way."

"Nerves! Nuts! It's the truth. The minute after you crash in that window this building comes tumbling about your very ears. And— But I promised him when he died that I'd

never tell that."

"I say. With Alice, I've had enough. Let's all go back to 'Rock-a-Way' for an early tea." Any suggestion for physical motion would have been snatched then.

"Yes, yes, let's," and "Come on, Sunshine, we want the rest of your tale." We all trooped home.

Half an hour later we were all settled comfortably on our porch, ready for the tale, and rather glad of the natural sunshine to offset the weird atmosphere developed about King Sol's namesake. "Now, Sunshine. I think we're settled to listen quietly," said Mother in spite of the fact that she had spilled a little of every cup of tea she had poured.

"He said I made him do it. I did love Jack; but I didn't love that murdered when I married him. I told him so. He was jealous of my real sweetheart. I wouldn't bring up his child. I couldn't." She spoke rapidly, nervously. "Then he followed me up here. He couldn't force me to take Elsie. I was as strong-willed as he. So he murdered her and built over the cottage. Hotel! Ha ha ha!" Her laugh made the shivers run up and down my back even though I was seated in the sun. "He tried to frighten me away from this place. I was too clever for him; I found out his design. He didn't intend to be discovered. That's why he built over the cottage in that way. Hotel! Summer guests! Guests of the devil himself they would be."

"But who are you?"

"Yes. And who was he?" Our company was not easily satisfied.

"Do you want to know who we are?" She leaned forward in her chair, thrust her head forward, and narrowed her eyes. "Then look in Rogue's Gallery!" she shouted, springing to her feet like a cat. "We're there, fingerprints and all." In a hard tone with a swaggering step or two toward the steps she sneered, "But you can't get me. I won't be caught!" She dashed her cup and saucer to the floor for emphasis. "And don't dare to follow as you value your life!" The last word was a shriek. In a flash she was gone back up the beach toward the old hotel.

We were all standing, rooted to the spot, anxious to follow, yet too astonished to think clearly. Twas nearly five minutes before any one spoke. "What do they do with people like that?" I asked. "Lock them up in padded cells, I should say. Of all the absurd notions!" Alice was still skeptical.

"Well, now, admitting what she said to be true, should that building remain standing? What is it that she started to tell us about when we were down there?" Mr. Anderson's friend looked at the matter from a more practical point of view like one accustomed to difficult situations. Bob was on his feet in a moment. "I'm going down to investigate. Jigged if I'll let a lunatic stump me," he cried.

He turned to pick up his shovel. It was missing. A moment later we heard a crash. Then dead silence followed. All eyes were strained in the direction. Sunshine had fled. Every ear was alert. Then came a splintering sound, then a dull thud quickly followed by a triple explosion. "Boom! Boom! Boom!" and sand flew in every direction.

"By George! She's done it!"

R. B. Reed '30.

Twilight

After the sun has left the sky,
It seems that the world's about to die;
The sky dresses in a gown of black,
And mourns for the day
That can never come back.

John Newton, Jr. High School, Grade VIII

Guess Who

The tinkle of a school-girl giggle ripples clear,
And the gay bucks of 218 turn toward the rear.
The slender form of a fair demoiselle
Takes her seat at the chime of the 8:30 bell.
She's a darling maid with raven locks,
And dusky eyes, which are like Trojan rocks,
To the heart of the gentle country youth,
Who believes in the oft repeated *truth*—
That gentlemen prefer blondes.

Charles French '30.

Buddy's Ride

To the inhabitants of the little village of Bloomsville, Arizona, the airplane was still a source of wonder and delight. The entire neighborhood would turn out to witness the unusual passing of one of these creatures. Of course this was before airplanes were much in use, as I said before. So when Pa Atwood came puffing into the local postoffice one morning and declared he had seen one of them "air-cars" in his wheat field, he was met with unbelieving stares.

"Come now, Pa," laughingly answered one daring youngster, "you know darn well no machine would land here."

Pa insisted that his eyes had not deceived him, so the crowd decided to find out for themselves. They quickly piled into Pa's dilapidated Ford and started for his farm. The car bumped along over the uneven ruts, sending its occupants in a huddled heap, first to one side then to the other.

"Almost there," yelled Pa excitedly above the terrific noise of the engine.

"I—I should t—think we ought," gasped Neilson the postoffice keeper, as he vainly clutched the side of the car for support.

The contrivance drew up before Pa's shack and the group stumbled to their feet. They were soon headed for the place where Pa said that he had seen the plane. Now, the men had not once given a thought to its pilot, until they saw the figure of a young man half protruding from a wing of the fallen plane. They hastened to the plane and carefully drew the body from the sagging wing. The young man was not seriously hurt, and after a glass of brandy had been forced between his parched lips, he sat up and looked about him.

"You fell into my wheat field," Pa replied to the injured man's questioning gaze.

"Yes, I remember," Dan Stainford replied dazedly, "the stick refused to work."

To go back to the scene in the postoffice. "Buddy Watson, the youngster who had dared to question Pa's eyesight, had not waited to witness the departure of the men to Pa's farm. Climbing on to the back of his beloved pony, he rode quickly to a little, white cottage at the end of the street and called out in a cautious voice.

"Hey, Margy, want to go for a ride?"

A little girl of ten appeared from around the corner of the house and ran out to where Buddy was impatiently waiting. After a whispered conversation, Margy climbed up in front of Bud and they set off in the direction the excited men had taken. The two children watched the men carry the injured pilot into the house. They glanced toward the spot where the engine lay. Already the news had spread throughout the village, until it seemed that everyone had turned out for the event.

"Gee, Buddy, can we really go for a ride?" whispered Margy eagerly.

Her companion glanced about him.

"Sure, why not," he returned, "they'll leave the plane where it is and tomorrow morning no one'll be around. Of course we won't be able to fly, but we can have lots of fun in it," he added.

Buddy met Margy the following morning by the little picket fence, and the two youngsters set off across the pastures for Pa's farm. Everything was still, and only the faintest pink creeping above the horizon proclaimed another day. The children reached the plane without mishap, and under Buddy's careful directions, Margy climbed into the front seat. He then got in himself and made a pretext at starting the engine. The machine had been placed in position the night before, and Buddy, who had some knowledge of the mechanism of planes, saw that it could be started if one could move the propeller.

"Say, Margy," he cried excitedly, "I am going to get the thing going."

"Huh—what?" asked Margy, standing up in the seat, "Mother wouldn't want me to go riding like that," she added doubtfully.

"She won't know anything about it," Buddy returned shortly, and began to place heavy blocks of wood in front of the wheels.

"All ready?" called down Margy.

Buddy glanced helplessly about. What would one do in a case like this?

"Hey, Margy, you get into the other seat, and when I yell, take hold of this stick. Like this." He climbed up and took hold of the

protruding lever. Buddy gave the propeller a vigorous turn. Nothing happened.

"Contact," he yelled and turned the wheel again. The engine sputtered into life with a wheezy groan. Buddy dashed around and climbed into the seat beside Margy. It was a tight squeeze, but the excited children did not mind.

A sudden yell from Pa's shack attracted their attention. Three men dressed in heavy overcoats came running toward the plane. Buddy cast one look at the strangers and pressed the nearest button. The plane bumped along the uneven ground with rising speed as he continued to press the starter.

"Steer it into the road," gasped the white faced Margy, as she frantically clutched her companion.

The plane lurched from side to side, and as Buddy complied with Margy's command, it turned almost on its side. The men were still coming. Buddy could hear them shouting curses and threats after the moving plane. With a mighty effort, he righted the wings and got the wheels into the ruts of the road.

A young man standing on the postoffice platform was the first to discover the distant approaching cloud of dust. His cry brought a gentleman in the uniform of a mounted police to the door. Together they ran out to meet the now distinguishable plane. Clutching at the wings, they were dragged along several yards before they could bring it to a standstill. Two white and frightened faces appeared above the rim of the seat.

"My word!" exploded Major Litchfield, as he stopped the engine.

Buddy and Margy were carefully helped from their cramped position and taken into the nearest house. Major Litchfield and his assistant questioned them carefully, and upon hearing Buddy's description of the three men, sent his assistant with help to his friend Stainford. They found Pa and the young pilot tied fast to the heavy table in the kitchen of the shack. A heavy blow had rendered young Stainford unconscious, and Pa was cussing like a trooper when help arrived. Stainford was again revived and his first words were—"The mail, don't let them get the plane."

"That's all right," answered Major Litchfield, entering the door, "two of the pluckiest kids that were ever born brought it in O. K."

"Thank God," whispered the pilot, and sank back again to the floor.

E. Howland '30.

The Climber

Nutsy Clutts was born in Kalamazoo, Alaska. He was born on the side of an iceberg, and so had to climb down to reach the ground. Thereafter he devoted his life to climbing.

At the age of two he climbed the highest tree in Palm Beach, much to the astonishment of a happy crowd of flying fish that were playing leap frog below. Age eight found him climbing the Woolworth Building one-handed with three trillion amazed spectators looking on. At fifteen Nut could walk up a flagpole.

Papa Clutts said, "He will become the world's greatest and most famous Mountain Climber."

"He will, you know," answered Mamma with a giggle.

After a while Nutsy grew up. He was arrested and given a life sentence for porch climbing and second story work. Thus ended the noble attempts at renown by Nutsy M. Clutts.

Warner '31.

Difficulties

When called upon, a play to write,
What are you to do,
If, after pondering all the night,
Not one idea will come to you?
You sit, with chin in palm of hand,
To think the matter through;
Ideas may come, a while to stay,
Then go—are gone forever;
Will not some person please delay,
To help in my endeavor?

Vera Fogelholm '30.

Is Our Past Ahead of Us?

A short time ago I visited a friend who is eminent in the world of scientific research. Several other worthy scientists were present and they were engaged in a spirited discussion on evolution, when I arrived. Immediately following my introduction, a short, scrawny person spoke up—apparently continuing their talk. He was a strange appearing creature with long loose limbs shabbily enclosed in a shapeless checked suit of unusually vivid hues. His face was thin and emaciated to an almost inconceivable extent.

He said in a high, excitable voice, "In regard to that very thing, I believe I can prove the present theory of evolution to be entirely wrong, that it has no basis of facts. As some of you know, I have been working for weeks on this subject and I have finally accumulated sufficient proof to make my theory practicable. It is, in its purest essence as follows: contrary to the modern theory that the evolution of man started after the ice age, an intensely developed civilization existed prior to this Pleistocene age. It was in all probability, fully a thousand years in advance of our own civilization.

Last night I experienced a very peculiar mirage. Whether it was a dream, or but the ramblings of an overworked brain I cannot say. It seemed as though I was making a trip through one of the large cities of that world.

The trip started at the base of an immense skyscraper, the top of which seemed lost in the sky. My guide led the way inside and we walked across a huge lobby to an elevator. After getting into this he pushed a protuberance; in about three seconds we stopped and left the car. It was the 117th floor.

In some unknown manner the power of force and inertia had been minimized and counteracted, for I had had no sensation while rising and had felt no bump when we stopped; yet there most certainly must have been one.

The guide opened a door and showed me into the strangest room I have ever had the privilege of seeing. It was a large room furnished in an ultra-modern style. The ceiling had small purplish bulbs transfixed in it at various places which gave forth a strange subdued ray. On the end walls were huge control boards covered with innumerable buttons.

In the very center of the room an exceedingly tall, stern appearing man was seated before a massive desk. He motioned us to seat ourselves; then he said, "To you, Jonas Amesbury, I extend the greetings of this world—the world of 12345 A. B.

Before I could reply, he continued: "Ere you inspect our city let me try to explain a little about it. Each of the four huge divisions of our existence—necessities, transportation, luxuries, and expansion, is in charge of one person, who is under the supervision of a corporation which sees that all of the requisites of that division are produced. There are minor companies under each of these. Of course competition is unknown.

"Let us look at our transportation division. There is a corporation that controls the entire problem, under which there are numerous companies, such as the taxi company, 'ray car' company, the water travel company, and the party service car company. Under each of these are the various building companies.

"Our total agricultural activity (which is of a synthetic nature) is controlled by a single corporation as is everything else. As a further explanation of our transportation system I will call a taxi—you will need one for your exploration."

He crossed the room to one of the control boards and pressed a button over which was the word "TRANSPORTATION." In a second a light showed in a disk at the top. Into a peculiar instrument, not unlike one of our telephones, he said, "A two man taxi."

Then the light disappeared. "We have a few moments while we await your taxi. Is there anything you especially desire to know?"

I replied: "Yes, there are quite a few; but please tell me why ever since I entered this room I have felt strangely invigorated. What is that a result of?"

"You see the bulbs in the ceiling? It is because of them. They furnish us not only with light, but with ventilation, oxygen, and with

most of the vitamines. Owing to the discovery of the Oleo content in ordinary electrical waves, one of our foremost scientists discovered this means for furnishing Vitamines Y and Z which we had been sadly lacking."

Just then a bell rang and my host pressed a button on the side of his desk, whereupon a section of the outside wall slowly descended, on an angle, until it reached out horizontally into space. It was then butted against one of the queerest craft I have ever seen. This vehicle measured about ten feet long, and five high. It had short blunt wings, the entire wing spread of which could not have been more than six feet. (I learned later that these were used only as an automatic gyroscope apparatus.)

My guide, Azo 12, led the way over the section of wall, which served as gangplank, to the plane. The doors shut and the plane started, yet I could not see any pilot.

Axo 12 seemed to know what I was thinking and said: "Our planes are driven by forcing an energy wave through an electric field thus separating the units of an atom; when the various satelites of the nebula of the atom are thus separated an enormous amount of power is created. We store his power in great tanks and it is used as it is needed."

The ships are controlled by radio energy waves so that no pilot is needed with the plane. We will soon arrive in one of the traffic routes. Each line has a certain speed which is automatically attained by each of the planes traveling on it. Thus every plane goes at the same rate of speed and accidents are eliminated."

We soon reached one of these lines of traffic. On every side of us myriads of planes of all sizes and shapes scuttled along. All of them maintained the same distance from each other and from us.

Presently Axo 12 asked me if I felt hungry. When I replied in the affirmative he turned to a small control board on the wall of the plane. He pressed a button and said, "International Lunch." A few seconds later we glided along side of a peculiar framework attached to the side of one of the immense buildings. A section of the wall fell forming a gangplank and a waiter walked over it to us.

He held a tray which he unpacked onto a table. Then he returned and the doors shut. Azo 12 said, "In this era if we want to have our lunch in the country or at the seashore it is very simple. Where would you like to eat your meal?"

I replied, "I think that I would like to get away from this awful turmoil for a while—the countrv will be all right with me."

He pressed the button and said, "Fairfax."

Instantly we gathered momentum and presently we were traveling at an enormous rate of speed, although the only way I could tell was because the skyscrapers seemed blended into one. Then we slackened speed until we were lazily drifting along. We were directly over a beautiful lake surrounded by virgin forest.

As we made our repast, I became curious about the food, for it was of a strange character and highly concentrated, yet it required a thorough mastication. At that moment Azo 12 said: "It is a compound of animal product, vegetable matter and a fibre extract. Different flavors and varieties are produced by the use of various synthetic properties and different types of fibre extract.

"We found long ago that our entire health was determined by the condition of our teeth; for that reason we produced a food that would automatically prevent tooth decay."

And thus did my mirage end; nothing but my musing remains. What is the real history of man? No one knows, but I shall devote my entire life to the solving of the problem. Already several evidences of this civilization that may have existed before the Pleistocene age have been discovered.

Will our civilization ever result in such a world as my dream portrayed, by the furtherance of the merger idea? Time alone can tell.

Arthur L. Garland '30.

Comus

Danny Spirit was, if you asked him, extremely annoyed. 10 A. M. and the bell waking him already; enough to give a man the pit, the absolute pit. Dragging on his purple dressing gown, he received this from his man, Pjones:

"Danny, old thing, the guv'nor has landed the Presidency of Wales. We're shipping over on the Mauretania for the good old thing. Buzz along, we need you."

Nancy, Wynnie, and Jymmie.

Painfully Danny concentrated; old Cunningham-Cunningham had cinched the Presidency; Lady Nancy, Jymmie, and Lord Edwynne Cunningham-Cunningham were going to their father's inaugu—ah! he had it! They wished him to go back to England with them. Wouldn't he just! At the very moment that Danny was tripping up the gang-plank, Nancy was sitting on the deck waiting for her brothers. Wynnie and Jymmie were in the saloon, figuring out their exact social status, now that their "guv'nor" was President of Wales and their mother, honorary President of the Goldfish Protection Association. However, Danny joined none of them, but dashed directly to his cabin. After the Mauretania had weighed anchor, the others followed his example. Not until two days later did Danny emerge, and then only to sink weakly into a secluded steamer chair. Danny's eyes suddenly bulged; his ears ceased drooping. There was that blighter, Comus, who had nipped him for a thousand pounds in New York! And he was talking to Nancy—no less.

"Yes, Lady Cunningham-Cunningham, I shall aid you while your brothers are—er,—indisposed. You are doubtless cognizant of the fact that I am in a position to—er—let you in on the ground-floor, so to speak, of—er—a certain plan." Here Comus paused, not for breath but for effect. To pass the time he polished his spectacles. This act was characteristic of Comus; he was always polishing something that it migh better lend itself to his own immediate end.

"Really," cooed Nancy, "I couldn't think of returning without asking my brothers and they'd hardly appreciate the opportunity just now."

"Lady Nancy, Comus' Combs for Combing Comely Coiffures are worthy of your investment."

"But—"

"No 'buts', my dear. In the city of London alone there are 9553 girls with bobbed hair. Right there you have 9553 prospective customers for Comus' Combs for Combing Comely Coiffures, and on these sale you would net a profit of 10,000 pounds a week on your small investment of 5,000 pounds; which if placed on Comus' Combs for Combing Comely Coiffures would—"

Danny waited to hear no more. He shimmered off to find Wynnie and Jymmie. He found them pale, but living.

"What ho! That blighter, Cosmus—Nancy—I mean to say, what?" blurted poor Danny.

"Elucidate," commanded Wynnie.

"Cosmus nicked me for all my ready, in New York and now he's fishing for Nancy's nickels. He's off his onion on some plan. Nancy mustn't fall—yes? no?"

"Quite right." chimed Jymmie.

"Cluster around, old bean, while we do the elder brother act," said Wynnie, and the three pals tottered out on deck.

"Sign right here, Lady Nancy," Comus was saying.

Danny dashed the contract from his hand and tost it upon the waters, while Comus, not wishing to renew his acquaintance with Danny, executed a skillful fadeout.

"What—ho—I mean to say, what, Deucedly lucky, I mean—well lucky, what? Danny was becoming loquacious. Nancy, however, did not seem satisfied with this lucid explanation. So it was Jymmie who pointed out the fallacy of Comus' Combs for Combing Comely Coiffures.

Following this event the strained relations which had existed between Nancy and Danny were relieved, so quite a jolly party disembarked from the Mauretania and took the train for Wales. There the Cunningham-Cunninghams were surprised to find that Danny and Nancy were engaged.

"Yes," said Nancy to her Mother, "we are engaged. It was like this: Danny said, 'Cheerio.' 'Oh, yes, Danny,' I told him, and he chirped, "Too-dle-oo!"

M. De Boer '30.

Julius Caesar

TRAGEDY

TWO ACTS

Act I

PLACE: ROME.

TIME: SUPPER HOUR.

CAESAR: (*Entering lunch room*) Thank heavens it's time to eat. That was a pretty fierce scrimmage over in Gaul this A. M. If the 26th Division hadn't come up with those machine guns, I should have missed the 4:15 from Paris. (Sees Cicero) Hi, Cic, how's things percolating?

CICERO: Ubinam gentium sumus (*meaning pretty punk*). By the way, how's that fight in Gaul coming out?

CAE: Fine. I beat Aristovistus so bad in craps the other day that he had to go home in a barrel.

WAITER: Ham and eggs waiting! (*Caesar gets order and sits down beside Cicero*).

CIC: The weather man predicts that the Ides of March will be stormy.
That means danger for you, old dear. The state can't spare your services.

CAE: Di immortales! (*Equivalent to Hot Dog!*)—but that weather man's no good. He's absolutely cuckoo. When he sends out storm warnings, we're sure to have a week of dead calm, and when he says there will be fair weather, it rains flivvers.

CIC: Better take it easy, old man, there may be something in it.

CAE: (*Rising*) Thanks, I will. (Pays check and goes.)

CASHIER: (*Yelling*) Hey! this is a lead quarter!

CAE: (*Running*) I know it, it's the one you gave me last week!

Act II

TIME: THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

PLACE: CAESAR'S KITCHENETTE APARTMENT.

CORNELIA: Jul, the landlord says if we don't come across soon, we will have to be moving.

CAE: The Ides of March! So that's what the weather man meant.

COR: No, Jul. This happens every month. The Ides of March comes only once a year. This the Ides and I'd rather not go to see the "Sheik" tonight; it migh prove dangerous.

CAE: We must see it. Owing to a pressing engagement in Athens, the film is only showing one night. Are you coming?

COR: Yes, I suppose so. Brutus and Cassius are going to meet us at the show.

CAE: Fine! I'll sit right next to my dear friend Brutus. Don't invite Cash to dinner, he eats too much. (*both exeunt*).
(*Later, Brutus, Cassius, Caesar, and Cornelia pass down the theatre aisle.*)

BRU: Where'll we sit?

CAE: Oh, down front. They have wonderful looking girls in the vaudeville here, real Charleston and Black Bottom steppers, imported from Alabama.
(*Sits down next to Brutus*)

CAES (*Sitting on a very sharp tack*)
Yeow! ! ! (*Rules sore territory*)
Oh, you brute! ! ! (Et tu, Brute!)

Finis

Muriel Golby '30.

The Autobiography of a Hockey Puck

It was Christmas day, and I was presented to my owner, Tom Brown. Gee! When he got me he was so happy, and he exclaimed, "Now won't I have some fun with this puck, (meaning me) on the ice!"

Well, seems to me as though it was the day after Christmas when I first got these scars. I was brought down to the frozen river, by Tom and his pals, and there I was thrown on the ice, and before I could holler "Jack Robinson," I received such a blow on the side of my face, as would have felled an ox. Well, after that, things flew hot and heavy and I felt sore all over, but pretty soon I was left to lie in the middle of a patch of extra smooth ice. It was at this time that Tom called something like this: "Hey! Gang! What do you say, let's pick up a game. Jim, dash over to the dump and get four tins, for the goals, and Mac and I will choose up sides." Well, that met with the approval of the gang, and pretty soon there were two tin cans on each side of the smooth ice, and there was I, in the middle.

At this point, Tom, and Mac, came to the middle of the ice, one each side of me, with a stick held closely to the side of my ears.

Soon Tom yelled, "Let's go," and I was walloped hard, on each side of my now cut-up face. But that wasn't all, for it seemed to me as if every boy there was trying his hardest to injure my feelings, as well as my features. Once I was sailing on my side, and the next minute I was rolling over and over trying to stop myself, but before I could do this, I was rolling between the cans, and some of the boys were shouting in glee.

Well, to make a long story short, the skating is all over, and I am lying down in the cellar beside my old friend the hockey stick.

We each claim that we are more important than the other fellow, but we can't seem to come to an agreement.

"Of course you can't play hockey without a stick" (that's his argument) and mine is that "the game is not interesting without me to pick on" so there you are!

I guess I'll stay down here for a long time, for my sweetheart, the bathing suit, is getting a lot of attention since the swimming began. (Gosh! I don't know what she means by swimming, but I do know that I am going to be pretty lonely until next winter, but when it does come, OH, BOY!).

Dorley '30.

More Precious

Colette's beauty's rare,
Helen's eyes divine;
For Pan I do not care,
But Grace is just sublime.

Fay just lives for pleasure,
Kay, a clinging vine;
Peg may be a treasure,
But not indeed for mine.

Just give *me* plain Mary Jane,
For I have heard the rumor
She's not only safe and sane,
But has a sense of humor!

Doris A. Upton '32.

Only Students Between the Ages of 9 and 99

Don't forget, good friends and companions that the Staff is out hunting for extra-special material for the Graduation Issue.

It's also after more diversified material; so get out your old pencil stub and hop to it. Write up that story you heard Aunt Susan tell the other day; put down in black and white the rhyme that's been singing in your head all day—it may be the start of a poem; tell us about the hike you took; copy down those jokes you hear in class; write up your pet grudge or your favorite subject—everything! Write these voluminous manuscripts—label them "Graduation Issue" and hand them to a Staff member any time before May 16th.

Remember it's an honor to be represented in the Graduation Issue and that your story has as big a chance as anyone else's. All work will receive equal consideration from the Staff, whether it comes from the trade-school, the Business, Practical Arts, General, Technical, Aggie, or Classical Courses. The Staff wants work from all divisions of the High School—so get busy. Let's make this the biggest and best magazine in the country—it's possible if you will help!

Editor.

The Albatross

Over the dark and sullen seas,
Over waves rolled by the breeze,
Over the expanses of blue and white,
A bird flew by in eager flight.

Holding his head wonderfully high,
And uttering a long and piercing cry,
With wings spread out in the shape of a cross,
Flew this beautiful bird, the albatross.

It winged its way past sail and spar,
And off to the giant cliffs, afar,
And proudly perched on the rock's edge high,
A speck of whiteness against the sky.

Martin Rinaldi
Jr. High School
Grade VIII

Martin Rinaldi, Jr. High School, Grade VIII

Hot Air

Operator! Give me 8-300 please! Letter? Oh, K. What is the letter? Why, I just said "K." I did not say "OK." I said "Oh"— Yes, I know I said "K." Please allow me to finish. I said, "Oh" because I didn't understand what you meant at first. The letter is "K"— Yes— Hello, Betsy?— Yes. How are you? Is that so? How's the baby? Still givin' him Eagle brand? Air? Isn't that nice! No. Air? Well I always claimed ya can't go on looks. Have you seen the new boarder? Oh, ya have? Well ain't he the most hansome thing ya ever saw? Air. He's got such bew-t-ful hair—I know it— No! Well, I whis't I was young again though by the actions of *some* people forty is still in baby clothes. Air? I declare, and him earning good pay. Why the way she galavants around you'd think she didn't have no husband to get a supper for. What do ya know?— Why, the baker's cart is down there a good half hour every day. Air? As I said to Joe— "Joe," I said "If she was a tending to her business she'd have no business odering that junk offer baker."— Air. That's just what *I* say! My Joe, he calls it sawdust— Ha Ha well, the new boarder is so sweet about that. He said to me, "Mother"—he always calls me "Mother"—Yes, I know he's sorta orphan-like— "Mother," he said, "don't you put on any fancy stuff for me!" But I do and he appreciates it, too! Air? Well I always knew she'd get in wrong. It's scandalus the way she's carrying on. Betsy, there's someone on this line that ain't got no business on here. Ya can hear 'em clickin'. Oh! you're chewing gum. Well, it's good for the teeth. Air—Well, I feel sorta sorry for him— He usta be an actor-like. — Ya— Oh, Betsy, I read an adorable book last night.— "Fatima's Last Choice." — Oh, it was simply thrilling!— I don't know who wrote it. But, then, the author don't make no difference to me. You want to get it. Fatima is in Dutch when the story begins—what I mean is she's in wrong, and she meets this little Frenchie that says "cheery" and all that sorta bunk. Oh, it's simply thrilling! Well, Betsy, can you smell that? That's my potatoes. "Bye— Oh, Betsy! That baker's over there again.— Well, I never did pry into other people's business much. I'm not that type. It's nice the baby's better— They's a new kind of Talcum Powder in the new "Drug Store." Quite good, they say— Yes. Air?— Well —'Bye. My potatoes is burnin'!

M. Pray '31

O'Henry Sees a Doctor

There was nothing the matter with me, but I was very ill. I couldn't work, sleep, physician. He was young, somewhere between twenty and forty, and wore heliotrope socks. I liked him immensely. He put me through some coördination exercises.

"Have you a pain in the back of your head?" he asked. I told him I had not.

"Shut your eyes," he ordered, "put your feet close together, and jump backwards as far as you can." I always was a good backward jumper with my eyes shut; so I obeyed. My head struck the edge of the office door which had been left open and was only three feet away. The doctor was very sorry. At least he said so and closed the door.

"Now touch your nose with your right forefinger," he said.

"On your face," said he.

"I mean my right forefinger," I explained.

"Oh, excuse me," said he. He reopened the door and I took my finger out of the crack. After I had performed the marvelous digit-nasal feat, I said, "I do not wish to deceive you, doctor, as to symptoms; I really have something very like a pain in the back of my head." He ignored this symptom and examined my heart carefully with a latest popular-an-penny-in-the-slot ear-trumpet. I felt like a ballad.

"Now," he said, "gallop like a horse for about five minutes around the room." I galloped. Then without dropping in a penny he listened to my chest again.

"No glanders in our family, doc!" I demurred. He held up his finger within three inches of my nose.

"Look at my finger," he commanded. I did so.

"Now look across the bay. At my finger. Across the bay. At my finger. Across the bay. At my finger. Across the bay." He explained that this was a test of the brain. It seemed easy to me. I never once mistook his finger for the bay. I'll bet that if he had said, "Gaze, as it were, unpreoccupied, outward, or rather laterally, in the direction of the horizon, underlaid, so to speak, with the adjacent fluid inlet," and "Now returning—or rather in a manner—withdrawing your attention, bestow it upon my upraised digit," I could have done it! I'm willing to bet that even Henry James himself would have passed the examination. After asking me if I had ever had a grand uncle with curvature of the spine or a mother-in-law with swelled ankles, he retired to an inner office to consult himself. Maybe he had an oracle in there. I don't know. I stood by the window and gazed first at my finger and then across the bay.

At length he emerged from his consultation, looking like the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston. He had written out a diet list to which I was to be restricted. It had every thing that I had ever heard of to eat except snails. And I never eat a snail unless it overtakes and bites me first.

Then he told me that I had cirrhosis of the heart, indurated arteries, neurasthenia, neurites, acute indigestion, convalescene, and about one chance in a thousand to live.

"You must follow the diet strictly and get plenty of oudoor air and exercise. Take a tepid bath at night and a cold one in the morning. Be cheerful and fix your mind on pleasant subjects. Take a phosphorous pill three times a day, preferably after meals, and a tonic composed of the tinctures of gentian, chinchona, calisaya, and cardamon compound. Into each teaspoonful mix tincture of nux vomica beginning with one drop and increasing it a drop each day until the maximum dose is reached. Have you got that?"

"Yes," I lied, feeling slightly dizzy.

"Good morning, then," said he. We both took something—he took up a book and I took the air.

Now that was a year ago and I, like Jimmie Gallagher, am still hanging on.

Elsie Stub '30

A Case of Mistaken Identity

As John Huntley was walking down Rockcroft Avenue, he saw a slightly opened door, leading into a beautiful house and, seized with a spirit of adventure, he walked in. He walked through long halls till he came to another door a little ajar. Giving it a push, he stepped into a dining-hall prepared for a banquet. As he was hungry, he ate some of the food. Then he went out and to a theatre. After the performance he chanced to think he was hungry and decided to go back to the room. When he arrived, the room was full of men who looked as though some calamity had befallen them. As he was in evening clothes, he was seized immediately with cries of: "Here's the groom!" "Start the wedding March!"

He was carried to a large salon, where he was told to "Buck up, George. Get to the altar before Ethel."

"But I'm not going to get married. I never heard of Ethel or saw this place before in my life."

"It's just nervousness" said the young man who had taken him in tow. "You'll recover after your married."

"I haven't any ring. Isn't that proof that I'm not going to get married?"

"Why, don't you remember that you sent it to me for fear that you'd lose it? Now march."

John was led, dazed, to the altar, and didn't hear a word that was said till the minister was saying, "I pronounce thee man and wi—".

"Hold on", John shouted at him and the minister stopped short, with a look of the utmost surprise on his usually benign features.

" 'Hold on,' is right," said a voice from the door-way, as a very flushed young man ran up to the party. "Who is marrying my bride?" Then John turned around and

faced a man who looked exactly like him.

"Why y—y—" said the young man, "who are you?"

Then John told his story and apologized for walking in so unceremoniously the way he did. The young man said his car had been delayed by a traffic tie-up and that was the reason he was late.

When every thing had been forgiven, the wedding started again, this time without anything stopping it. The real groom married the real bride and we hope they lived happily ever after,—but who can tell?

Marjorie Cass '32.

Study Period

A study period is usually the most boring thing imaginable. You stroll into the room, sit down and open some book, picked at random, and gaze about until the presiding teacher drops a gentle hint such as: "Let me see every one studying, please." You focus your eye on the book and wonder if there is anywhere you can go that night. Your mind runs on and on. There is nothing to stop it. But that's tiresome. Maybe it would be fun to catch flies in the inkwell or talk to someone. You try your right-hand neighbor, but he is a conscientious freshman. Perhaps the one on the other side is a better bet. A conversation is started when friend teacher drops another hint, not quite so gentle. She, or he, is a "twenty night" friend. Your eyes again wander to your book. Aha, here is a picture of some old duffer, who, you decide, would look much better with whiskers. These are such a success you start looking eagerly for some more pictures, but someone else has had the same idea before you and the rest of the gentlemen have all been nicely adorned with suitable beards and mustaches. You heave a sigh, yawn, and give it up as a bad job, lapsing into a coma, from which the bell arouses you in time to loiter on to the next period.

Such is High School—Oh, well!

R. Stoddard '32.

In Defence of Latin

Just a few days ago I overheard one freshman say to another, "I can't see how anyone could take Latin," and the other girl agreed that anyone who studied the stupid, dead language was making a mistake. But I don't think so. I have studied it (supposed to have) for two years and intend to take at least two more years of it, though I don't ever intend to teach it.

I agree that you will probably never speak Latin as you speak French or Spanish, and also that you probably will never read Latin books freely. Then why study it? Because there must be at least a little acquaintance with the classics, at least a little appreciation of what is great and beautiful in these old civilizations to make a full life. In the study of Latin we become acquainted with the history of a once great people. We learn of their laws, their customs, their likes and dislikes, their songs, their poetry, and all this helps us to understand them and to appreciate their contributions to mankind.

Marion Howland '32.

A Wise Visit

As I was sitting 'neath a tree
On an early day in spring,
A wise old owl came saunt'ring up,
To teach me how to sing.

He croaked a sharp and then a flat,
And then he drilled me some.
And after that we both did lunch
On sandwiches and gum.

He charged me for his wise advice,
But I refused to pay.
He said, "Oh, that's all right, my dear,
I'll get it yet, some way!"

So, when my pay day came around,
He met me at the door;
And when I still refused to pay,
He flapped his wings and swore.

That finished me, for home I went,
And moved right out of town.
I'm now in Barnum & Bailey's—
Just working as a clown.

Carol Seach '33

The Mystery

"Slowly, silently, and majestically, the moon rose over the shadowy lake, shedding its silver beams here and there through the gloom, the sombre pines swayed and whispered in the light breeze. The murmuring of the trees and the constant rippling of the waves on the shore produced a sound not unpleasant to the ear. A weird cry of some animal or the hooting of an owl through the stillness added to the loneliness of this woodland place."

Suddenly a twig snapped and then there was a sound of stealthy bodies moving through the underbrush.

"Be careful, Ken," said a guarded voice. "Don't drop it."

Two figures appeared on the bank, holding between them a long bundle. They stood for a moment on the very edge of the shore. "All ready?" "All ready." "All right, here goes nothing." "One, two, three, go." Then they threw the bundle as far as they could into the water.

"There," said the first, "that's a load off my mind."

"Yes," said the other, laughing softly, "I guess we shan't have to bother with that any longer. I've wanted to get rid of it for a long time."

For a few moments the twigs crackled, as they departed. Then all was silent and the moon shone brightly on the calm waters of the lake.

The next morning the whole town was aroused by glaring headlines in the paper:

"ROBBERS CARRY OFF MURDERED MAN."

"Last evening shortly after dark a shot was heard in the bank building. Mr. Williams of the Williams and Kelly Company ran to the building just in time to see two men lift the cashier, Thomas Grogan, into an automobile. The safe was found stripped of several thousand dollars. As yet no sign has been found of the murderers. It is thought that the body must have been thrown in the woods of Weymouth. The police, headed by Captain Butler, are looking for the body."

During the day various rumors spread. One of the reports was that two high school boys had been seen in the woods. They had been acting in a very stealthy manner, and had been carrying a large bundle. It was on this clue that the police chiefly depended. These two young men, who had just graduated from high school, were Kenneth Corridan and John Robertson. These boys were of good characters, standing especially well in their classes, and otherwise prominent in school affairs. The town which delights in affairs of this kind was properly horrified.

In the stuffy little court room, two boys stood sheepishly before the chief.

"Are these the boys whom you saw?" The witness was asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you see them?"

"On the road leading to the Weymouth woods."

"Is this true?" The chief turned quickly to young Corridan.

"Well, er—er—you see—"

"Is this true?" he repeated.

"Er—er—yes, chief."

"Where did you throw the body?"

Robertson nudged Corridan and nodded his head vigorously.

"In Weymouth Lake, sir," said Corridan, his knees shaking as though he was trying to do the "Charleston."

About an hour later the boys stood by the lake and pointed out the spot where they had thrown the bundle. After much work the bundle was recovered and opened.

"Well, well! What's this?" exclaimed the officer. He took from the bundle a book and read the title aloud: "Davis and Lingham's English Book."

Then one at a time followed more books—history books, French books, economics books, but the English books seemed to predominate.

"What does this mean young men?" asked the disgusted officer.

"It means, sir," said young Corridan sticking out his chest, "that we graduated from school yesterday and we celebrated by throwing our books away."

Wm. Curtin '30.

From Hangnail to Judy

Greetings Judy:

In answer to yours of recent date—Take care, thou red-haired reckless one, the way you speak of doing away with yourself; life is real, life is earnest and you will yet live to eat the hen that scratches on your grave.

But away with all this light chatter. What I meant to say and what eventually I shall get around to saying is:

"How are you, anyway, and what are you doing with yourself?" Not that it matters. I might have known you were the same l'il cutup by the integrity you displayed a while back. I wrote you, I believe, that I wanted you to send me some of the "dainty" wildflowers that used to grow up back of the ol' pasture. And you send me skunk cabbage. I knew there was an Ethiopian in the fuel supply the moment I opened the package. I scented your peculiar brand of perfume.

I am locked away in the supply room writing this; otherwise I'd have as much privacy as a goldfish. You see Madge is throwing a party and I promised to stay here and warn the gang if the dean comes tiptoeing—not through the tulips. She has to pass by this door. Hearken! Is this a dagger which I see before me?!!! Am I not coherent, Jude? I can't help it, it's my poisonality,—and you know, of course, that when a Number 1 burglar tries to make a James out of his Jimmy he perpetrates an improfundity. By the way, before I forget it. Please send me some more fudge, Jude—the cupboard is bare—label it stockings if you wish. Fudge is to me what drink is to—to one who drinks—father, mother, confessor, sweetheart, wife and child. And don't hang crepe on that suggestion. Listen, Judge! You remember Dot Evans—the girl I had home over the Christmas vacation last year? Sure you do. Well, it seems she was troubled with pains in her stomach and she wrote home and said that the food was too sweet—you know how it says somewhere "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." So it was with this one. Her parents lodged a complaint and now we dine sumptuously on pure wholesome food containing carbohydrates, proteins, and vitamins. For example, our breakfast was a two-course one—raw tomatoes and soft boiled egg and soft boiled egg and raw tomatoes. Doubtless we'll have the same reinforcements for dinners—black coffee and spinach and spinach and black coffee.

Jude, have you noticed that Nature is in a most benignant mood. Ah, I knew you wouldn't, you are so practical! But approaching us, nevertheless, is the season of irresponsibility—spring, that season when Cupid shoots blindfolded; millionaires marry stenographers; wise professors woo white-aproned gum chewers behind quick lunch counters; lads with ladders steal lightly over lawns where Juliet waits in her trellised window with her telescope and—well, anyway, it's spring. Ho-hum! "Life is a shuttle" and I am but one tiny thread! I'm tired now, so will close—and don't forget that fudge. Use the La Touraine coffee method. "It's in the bean!"

Yours for speedy vacation,

HANGNAIL.

E. Stub '30.

Alumni News

Below is a list of the places of education and employment of some of the members of the class of 1929.

Nancy Adams, Jackson College

Dorothy Alden, Posse-Nissen School of Physical Culture

Katherine Andrews, Boston University

Louise Bailey, Vesper George Art School

Eleanor Bates, Pierce Secretarial College

Sylvia Burnett, Stetson Shoe Company

Ruth Clark, Tufts Library

Philip Conathan, Worcester Academy

Cathorn Cook, University of Washington

Margaret Crawford, Quincy Telephone Exchange

Edward Curtin, Norfolk Motor Sales

Florence De Mers, Stetson Shoe Company

Cynthia Eck, Vesper George Art School

Eleanor Eldridge, Stetson Shoe Company

George Emerson, Harvard College

Albert Fraher, George E. Keith Company

Raymond Fulton, Northeastern University

Robert Harrington, Rockport, New Hampshire

Francis Haviland, Wentworth Institute

The New Neighbors

Mr. Potter lived in the suburbs. It was a very nice neighborhood, of course—large enough to have a considerable amount of traffic along its main street, and small enough for the neighbors to know all about each other's business. What they didn't know, they guessed; so Mr. Potter, as a new resident, found it to his advantage to tell all about himself right away, without leaving anything to chance or the "Ladies Sewing League."

And that is precisely where he made his mistake, for Mr. Potter had that touch of conscious superiority which no neighbor can help resenting. He told the first delegate who called that he was employed by the Museum as an ichthyologist. The delegate nodded comprehendingly, looked wise, and upon arriving home looked up the word. Apparently he did not use sufficient care for the neighbors found that the new homesteader was employed in a dime museum as "a living fossil."

Perhaps, it wasn't entirely their fault that they received the impression for Potter was a short, lean man, somewhat beyond middle age. He wore gold rimmed spectacles with a black ribbon, and he had all the outward symptoms of being a hen-pecked martyr. He was greatly disappointed that his daughter, Muriel, recently graduated from college, did not exhibit more interest in his chosen profession.

Mr. Potter had the old doors on his garage removed, and new ones of his own design put in their place. It was his great delight to corner some unwary suburbanite and explain his affairs.

"See," he would exclaim proudly, "just unlock the doors, open one, and the other opens and fastens automatically! Of course, if there is any ice or snow it doesn't work," he murmured rather apologetically, and sometimes it locks me in, but other than that it works fine." At this point, if the visitor still showed some sign of interest, Mr. Potter further explained the device by adding, "I got the idea from a fish—you notice the ichthyic movement . . ." and the visitor sighed and glanced helplessly around. His interest was again revived, however, when, upon passing the tool shed, he saw within a fine set of garden implements, a wheelbarrow, and a lawn mower. For, after all, no one likes to cut off his nose to spite his face.

Despite these inducements, people showed a peculiar disregard for Potter's ideas: sooner, or later his talk ran to fish. Invitations to dinner were accepted rather hesitantly . . .

Promptly at seven-thirty, during the summer months, the gentleman appeared on the front porch, where he read the newspapers for half-an-hour. He then amused himself by sketching, with short, deft strokes, the best points of all automobiles that passed the house. He was engaged when Henry Armstrong appeared on the porch one evening, and with a guilty manner he slid the paper through the space—between two floor boards. He had long ago decided that Henry would make a pretty good son-in-law.

After the accustomed greetings, Mr. Potter entered the house, and, upon emerging some time later, saw Henry coming out from under the porch. Muriel explained that she had lost her gold pin, and that he had very kindly retrieved it for her.

Later, Armstrong showed Mr. Potter a paper covered with sketches of cars. "As my firm is running a contest for new ideas in this line right now, it might be worth something. Is it yours?"

Mr. Potter glanced at Muriel, then at Henry, and answered in the negative. Shortly after Henry left, and Mr. Potter forgot the incident.

Several weeks later in early June, Henry again appeared on the Potter porch. He announced that he had won a $5,000 first prize in the contest, and the position of manager in the city branch of the firm.

Later he approached Mr. Potter and said, somewhat bashfully, "Mr. Potter, I have

(Continued on page 31)

Cigars Cigarettes

Compliments of

MALONEY'S

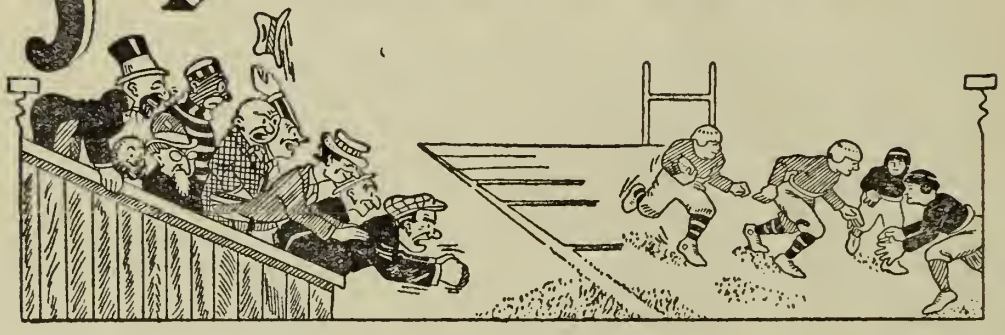
Waiting Room

Commercial Sq. E. Weymouth

High Grade Confectionery

Tobacco Ice Cream

ATHLETICS



Tennis

The 1929 tennis team had a fairly successful season. Under the leadership of Ed Macquinn they won 3 tied 2 lost 0. The team played its first match with Scituate and were held to a 3-3 tie, but in the return they swept the courts winning 5-0. The following week they went to Whitman. Only one singles and one doubles were finished. The following week they went to Whitman. Macquinn winning his singles then paired with Loud to lose a hard fought three set match. On June 10 Plymouth was played on the Brockton Y. M. C. A. courts, and was beaten two out of three. The team finished the season by defeating Whitman 2-0. Macquinn beat Corliss 6-2, 6-4, 0-6, 6-4.

By virtue of these victories they lay claim to the tennis championship of the South Shore.

The players were: Ed Macquinn, Phil Brackett, Bill Whitten, Fred Clark, and Norman Loud.

As three of these players are back this year, another successful season is looked forward to.

The scores:

WEYMOUTH 3	SCITUATE 3
WEYMOUTH 2	PLYMOUTH 1
WEYMOUTH 1	WHITMAN 1 unfin.
WEYMOUTH 5	SCITUATE 0
WEYMOUTH 2	WHITMAN 0

E. B. Thomas '30

Class Basketball

Mr. Page has been promoting basketball by having the class teams play twice weekly. The games played total up to eighteen. The juniors and sophomores are tied for first place, with six wins and three losses each. The seniors are third with four wins and five losses and the freshmen are last with two wins and seven losses.

Basketball

Although the Maroon and Gold's basketball team has not lived up to its usual standard this season, it has played good basketball. The boys started the season under a handicap. When a team composed almost entirely of green players faces the veterans of another school, it cannot be expected to make little pieces of its opponents. On the contrary, if it hits them, it is doing well.

The chief trouble with the team, especially the seconds, is the size of the players. When the Weymouth boys trot out to the fray they are forced to look up to their opponents. Now this develops an inferiority complex, and tends to subdue the do or die spirit to one of a do and die nature. Therefore the team needs bigger recruits. Of course, if the boys are developed into supermen, the strategy will be perfect, and our opposition will be left flat-footed with surprise. Anyhow,

why don't some of you big fellows go out for basketball? A little exercise won't hurt the physique, and think of the thrill you'll get when you Her say, "Oh, my great big athlete! I just adore strong men."

The team has had an unsuccessful season. Its only victories were against Rockland and Milton Academy. However, the boys put up stiff opposition. In the Milton game, which the visitors won by one point, they kept the score tied until the second overtime period. Any team that can do this deserves praise. Weymouth did not have a winning team this year but it certainly had a fighting team.

E. B. Thomas, '30.

The Faculty Football Team

Considering the fact that the Weymouth High School has a Faculty Basketball Team, I do not think it quite proper that we be represented in only one sport. I have been giving this matter due consideration for some time and have finally arrived at a possible solution.

This, my fellow students, is in the form of a Faculty Football Team. Such, without any doubt, is rather out of the ordinary, but, once the ball has been started a-rolling, I am sure that our All Faculty Team should have no difficulty in finding opponents.

After profound meditation, thinking, and what-not, I have finally listed a few of the outstanding candidates and the position for which they are best suited. They are as follows:

Mr. Hollis, Centre
Miss Norris, R. Guard
Miss Thomson, L. Guard
Miss Williams, R. Tackle
Mrs. White, L. Tackle
Mr. Hilton, R. End
Miss Wagg, L. End
Mr. Brown, Quarter Back
Mr. H. Nelson, Full Back
Mr. Page, R. H. Back
Miss Allen, L. H. Back

If, after viewing my selections, you have better ones to offer, kindly edit them in the next issue. Any suggestion will gladly be accepted. I thank you.

Track

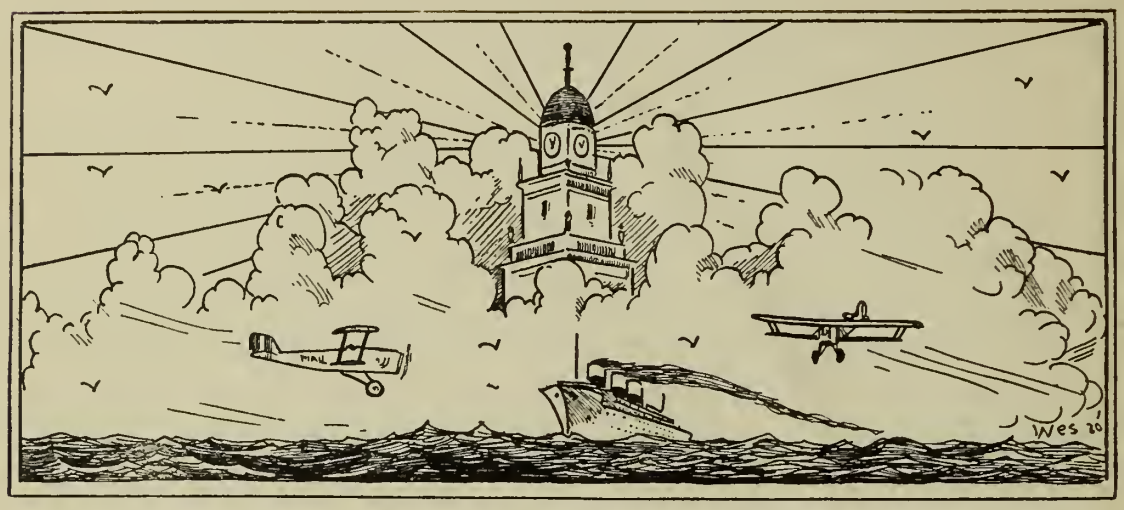
Weymouth has had a successful track season. As we have no indoor track their success is all the greater. On February 15, the boys journeyed to the Brockton Y. M. C. A. building to compete in the South Shore Indoor Interscholastics. They came out second. Abington won with 34 to Weymonth's 29 1-2. Plymouth was third with 15 points. Doble was high scorer for the Weymouth with first in the 300 yard run and second in the potato race. Tower received the blue ribbon in the 600 and Keohan was second in the 1000 yard run. Lilla also had two places to his credit, third in the 600 and fourth in the 300. Norman Foskett took third place in the shot-put as did Denbroeder in the high-jump and Washburn in the 1000. Valicenti took fourth in the potato race.

Soon the outdoor track season will be here and with it more track meets. This means some more men, but there always seem to be enough on hand at the meets. Funny, isn't it?

Antiquity

M. What ho! Remove thy carcass from the path of mine noble gas buggy."
P. "How thou dost prate? Thinkest thou that I'll move myself for thee, villain?"
M. "Begone, lest I bestow thee a buffet on thy pate. It will make thy ears ring, methinks."
P. "Come down from thy bus and take off thy 'goggles' that I may smite thee."
M. "Fool, it dost but show thy ill breeding when thou protest of fisticuffing. But, sire, as for thee, I wilt have thee carved to ribbons, I wilt have thee taken for a ride, and I wilt have thee torn on the rock if thou dost not yield thy position that I may pursue mine journey."
M. "What? Art still there? Then methinks
P. "What? Art still there? Then methinks I must, indeed, overcome my better nature and be forced to chastise thee, which, I confess, would please me none the less."
M. "Ha! the clown has gone! Nay, but gaze upon his dust. Methought he was afeared."

Edward Luther '32



THE SCHOOL

Division III A5

The Class of '31 is undeniably the best and the most unusual class in the records of that staunch edifice of learning, Weymouth High School. The most prominent group in the class is Division III A5 which has succeeded in baffling practically all the "profs" in the school.

Math is a subject which has won the hearts of every engineer. Yes, they (the students of III A5) have proved conclusively that an isosceles trapezoid is a square.

Then there is the German class. Even though the boys have only been studying German for a short time, they can express their thoughts of one another quite clearly, effectively, and sometimes vehemently.

Chemistry is another subject in which these college students of the future excel. They do nothing very striking during class-room periods, but in the laboratory—ah! that is where they shine. Among different experiments and discoveries, the Gridleys have compounded explosive corn starch solutions. Riley has found out exactly what combustible compounds can and will do, and Warner has patented his process of making laughing gas. Mr. Lyond has given up all hope of retaining these wizards under his rigorous hand. French?—no nothing unusual there, because the prodigies don't very often get an opportunity to exercise individuality. English,—another favorite subject. Here Hooper, the brilliant one, proves convincingly that nothing is something or that there is something in a vacuum. Above all other qualities, however, they exhibit those sterling traits of courage, and gentlemanliness to which Miss Lippencott, the only girl, can readily testify.

J. P. Veerling '31.

Tech Lecture

The fourth Popular Science Lecture was given on March 7 and 8 by Maurice de K. Thompson, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Electro-chemistry. The subject, "Electricity and its Chemical Effects" was illustrated by experiments on the discovery of voltaic electricity, electro-chemical decomposition and synthesis, and on application of these discoveries in modern industry.

"I never heard a good word said of him."

"Then you've never heard him talking about himself."

Mr. Whittle (apologetically): I apologize from my feet down.

Miss Seach: Why, I didn't know you could stand on your head!

The Printers Take a Trip

On Wednesday, the 22nd of January, we printers went to Boston on an observation trip.

First we went to the Machine Composition Company on Atlantic Avenue. This firm has an equipment of thirteen linotypes and eight monotypes. The monotype consists of two machines, the keyboard and the caster on which individual types are set and cast automatically. Women operate the keyboards and men operate the casting machine. Three of the linotypes are operated by women.

In this plant all of the work produced is machine typesetting and type casting for printers all over New England, who do not have their own typesetting machines.

After we inspected this plant, we went to a place where they demonstrated the Ludlow process of casting display type. The men gave us all a slug of the type and two blank slugs to make the body the same width as the type.

After leaving there, we separated and had our lunch. We agreed to meet at track one at the South Station at one-thirty o'clock.

At one-forty-five o'clock we took the Subway for Cambridge. After leaving the train, we had to walk about half mile to the Ginn and Company plant.

Out at Ginn and Company's they make a large part of our school books.

The man that took us through the plant, told us to ask all the questions we wanted, and that he would answer them if he could. We started in the composing room and went right through to the shipping room. What interested us the most were the presses, linotypes, and folding machines. They have only two linotypes in the shop, because nearly all their printing is done from plates.

In the bindery department we saw a machine which gathers the signatures into books. After they are taken to a machine which sews or stitches the books together. This work is all done by women.

Then the books are taken to a machine which rounds the backs of them.

From there they are taken to be glued and then the little pieces of cheese cloth are put on with a bit of string through the top of them. This is what protects the book from wear and tear on the end when it is put on and taken off the shelf.

From the bindery we went into the electrotype department. The process of making an electrotype plate is as follows: Take an impression of the type page on a sheet of wax under heavy pressure. This impression or mold is covered with a dusting of black lead which serves as a conductor for the electricity in the plating process. The mold is then suspended in a bath containing an acid solution of copper, in close proximity to a large sheet of pure copper hung from the positive pole. By the action of the electric current, the copper from the bath is deposited evenly over the surface of the mold, a fresh supply of pure copper being dissolved from the positive pole by the free acid thus formed. When copper has been deposited to the desired thickness, the mold is taken from the bath and the copper shell is stripped from it.

In the finishing room of the foundry the plates are shaved down to the desired height and then cut down to the desired width and length and then it goes to some men who have to hammer up the low spots and hammer down the high spots. Then the plates are packed into cases forty-eight in a case, they are packed this way because that number is just enough for three signatures on the press.

From there we went into the press room where we saw many one-color cylinder presses and twelve two-color presses. These presses print two colors in one impression. Then we saw some presses that print one hundred and twenty-eight pages at a time.

From there we went to the stock room where there are over two million books stored.

We took the 5:18 train home and arrived about six o'clock, after having a happy and eventful day.

Fred Croto '31.

Congratulations

Against 10,000 other contestants, Miss Williams of our own High School brings home the bacon—the prize of $250. We are quite proud of the fact that Miss Williams is a member of the Weymouth High School faculty. Congratulations Miss Williams! We think we agree with the judges that her definition deserves first place. This idea of home is really very hard to express, and to have done it so completely and so beautifully is an achievement worthy of pride. Compare her work with that of others printed on this page. Is there one of them even one-half so good as hers? We do not think so.

Home Definition Contest

The National Association of Real Estate Boards woke up one day to the fact that not one dictionary they could find had a satisfactory definition for home. So they decided to run a contest. It won almost immediate notice. Thousands of people in all the walks of life responded with definitions. Some were disillusioned, some were pathetically disappointed, but most were the final answer to the pessimists who swear that the home is going off the map.

Immediately after the announcement, dictionary publishers and other lexicographers, hurt by the implied insult to their definition, wrote to many newspapers and defended the descriptions found under the letter "H" on their pages. This did not upset the judges. They said, "It is a good thing to re-define our terms every little while, especially those that have to do with our feelings." The word "home" is certainly closely connected with our feelings. It is a well known fact that the French have transferred the word entire into their language because they had no word which even approached the meaning conveyed by this simple English word.

Many teachers in other schools besides our own had their whole classes compete. Real estate boards conducted similar contests locally, sending all definitions submitted to the national judges. Feature writers in newspapers, editorialists, columnists took up the plea. Radio stations broadcast the rules, and public speakers referred to it. In all, ten thousand and ninety definitions were received. Some of them follow:

"Home is a domestic sanctuary—wrought out of desire—built into memory—where kindred bonds unite the family in sharing labor, leisure, joy and sorrow."

—Miss Williams.

"Home—man's abode made sacred by love, loyalty, and understanding and surrounded by hallowed memories of happy days in shared experiences." —R. S. Duke, Texas.

"Home—any place where dwelling is permanent and love paramount." —W. J. Crocker, Michigan.

"Home is the spot where the interests and affections of the family converge and fuse from which is radiated its composite influence." —Mrs. G. B. Thacker, Mich.

About which she will do with her prize Miss Williams is dubious. She does not think she will take a trip to Europe on it or any thing like that—"though that would be a very nice thing to do," she says. She is thinking of using part of it for a summer school course this year. But the rest of it will just have to go in the bank and pay up all the bills!

Juniors

At the last Junior Class meeting, the class colors were voted upon. After many different combinations were shown to the students by the committee, green and silver were chosen by a large majority. The class rings were also reported upon. They have not as yet been chosen but as the committee is working hard, they soon will be.

Miss White's junior and senior English classes are now writing health plays, some of which certainly are going to be masterpieces.

The authors feel that their plays will surely act as such inspirations to the students that they will henceforth lead a most righteous life. All copywrights are reserved.

We are all glad to see Miss Humphrey back and to know that she is well again.

Agricultural Notes

The Agricultural department, in addition to its work during school hours extends even further; afternoons and vacations are often spent in agricultural pursuits by the students.

During the last year there were fourteen home projects on which 2763 hours were utilized. A total of $2,081.48 was spent and $3,913.15 were the total receipts. Thus there was a profit of $1,831.67. This will crystallize into an average profit for each student project of $130.83.

In addition to home projects, many of the boys worked "out" and gained a credit of 8769 hours devoted to outside agricultural work valued at $1,788.61.

When these are added it may be clearly seen that 11,532 hours were spent by our nineteen students on agricultural work. A total profit of $3,620.28 was realized in payment for this labor.

Arthur L. Garland '30.

French Club Report

Meetings of the French club have continued regularly. At one of the meetings the club decided not to have a pin, because the Seniors need all the money they can manage to save for The Great Event. With no business to transact, the members enjoy themselves with French games and songs.

The last meeting was held Thursday, February 20, in the music room of the Junior High Annex. Only two members were absent. M. Edwin Thomas led the meeting. A motion was made to change the name of the club, but it was rejected when Miss Berry explained that *Le Cercle Francais* is the standard name for French clubs. M. Thomas then gave up his chair to M. Leonard Bryant, the chairman of the entertainment committee. Under his leadership the club passed an hour packed full of laughs. (No wonder!) The meeting closed at four o'clock.

Sec. Mary Di Lorenzo '30

Typewriting Awards

During the months of January and February the following typists won awards:

Silver Pin

Wallace Carroll
Mae Raymond
Carrie Randall
Frederick Clark

Certificates

Frederick Clark
Louise Starr
Nettie Butman
Anna Cicchese
Carmela Corbo
Mildred Ellis
Cecilia Higgins
Catherine Linnehan
Melvin Sherman
Wilbur Cushing
Edith Tirrell
Barbara Cole
Ruth Blanchard
Marjorie Caswell
Eleanor Colligan
Eleanor Dwyer
Mildred Flockhart
Virginia Oliver
Marion Philbrook
Mae Wood
Yolanda Rossetti
Mary Upton

Observance of Lincoln's Birthday

Lincoln's birthday was well observed in the hall on Wednesday morning. Musical selections and readings comprised the program, which was as follows:

Singing of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" by the school.

Vocal Solos	Althea Smith
Piano Solo	Ruth Calen
Original Essay	Iona Seach
Readings	Karl Gardner, William Whitten, Dorothy Pearson, Edith Bouttelier and Marcy McNarf

Honor List

Freshmen

Marjorie Jacobs — Helen Nye
Richard Mathewson — Margaret Sullivan

Sophomores

Rose DiLorenzo — Antoinetta Lilla
Roger Emerson — Louise Merrill
Jean Flagg — Richard Roche
Marie Galligan — Samuel Scott
Marguerite Goodrich — James H. Smith
Olga Yetsook

Juniors

John Anderson — Catherine DeLuca
Frederick Andrews — Norman Foskett
Leonard Bryant — Patricia Fuller
Josephine Caruso — Walter Lewis
Marjorie Caswell — John Moulton
Marie Conroy — Dorothy Pearson
Wilbert Cushing — Ola Taylor
John Veerling

Seniors

Mary DiLorenzo — Mae Raymond
Isabel Hawley — Ruth Reed
Carrie Randall — Iona Seach

Declaration

When, in the course of school events, it becomes necessary for a group of people to begin work on a REFLECTOR, which they know must soon be published, and to buckle down and write innumerable articles, stories, essays, news, and jokes, teachers and students should aid them by passing in at least one article each without being forced to it.

A Friend of the Staff.

Remember that Medal

Do you remember the article in the November REFLECTOR entitled: "Medal for Meritorious Progress"? There still is time for any aspiring senior to win this medal, and the under-class men have an absolute sinecure! It's so easy! The medal is awarded each year by the Class of 1921 to the student who has made the most *mental* progress during his four high school years. This is a medal that frequently does not go to the best student in the class, but rather to the student who has had to work hard for his marks, and who has taken vital interest in mental activities such as Debating, French Club, German Club, REFLECTOR work, et cetera. No four-year Honor Roll standing is necessary—just a record of good scholarship, of willingness to learn, and of a desire to reach the highest pinnacle of education.

And don't forget that the medal is awarded for meritorious *progress!* You who have not yet won any marks worth boasting about can certainly study a little harder and a little longer. If you do, you will probably come through with flying colors—and the medal!

It's really a sort of contest—who will win it?

Editor.

More Alumni

Edward Holmes, Burdett Business College
Geneva Hunt, Stetson Shoe Company
Helen Lebossiere, Keene Normal School
Marjorie Linscott, Atlantic National Bank, Boston
Edward Mac Quinn, Thayer Academy
Beatrice Melville, Bryant-Stratton's Commercial College
Dorothy Page, Chandler Secretarial College
Eleanor Pearson, Jackson College
Kenneth Porter, Vesper George Art School
Clarence Ripley, Wentworth Institute
Dorothy Smith, Stetson Shoe Company
Frances Tirrell, Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College
John White, New York
Catherine Wieting, Post Graduate W. H. S.

1. Dear Flannelmouth,

I hear they are having a good many discussions on the law of gravity. What do you think about it?

Jeannette Hawes

I'm in favor of it if it can be enforced.

2. Dear Flannelmouth,

Can you give me a sentence containing the word "burden"? I am not quite clear on its use.

Ted Soule

Sure. "A burden the hand is worth two in the bush."

3. Dear Flannelmouth,

They say the victrola comes first, then the radio. What's after that?

Gilbert Arnold

The instalment collector.

4. Dear Flannelmouth,

I cut a class the other day and I was very much surprised when I was found out and called to the office. How do you explain that?

Lawrence Hooper

They say that Mr. Hilton has a very keen sense of rumor.

5. Dear Flannelmouth,

It embarrasses me to ask this, but I know a young man and I can't seem to place the town he lives in. Can you tell me where Hough's Neck is?

Marion Howland

Just above his collar.

6. Dear Flannelmouth,

I made a date pudding the other day which was not much of a success. Can you advise me?

Carrie Whitcomb

Maybe you used a 1929 calendar.

7. Dear Flannelmouth,

Will you please define "druggist" for me?

Frank Lawlor

A druggist, my boy, is a man who used to sell drugs.

8. Dear Flannelmouth,

What is it that four out of every five have?

Roberta Smith

A game of bridge.

9. Dear Flannelmouth,

What do you think about that maxim: "Everything in life finally adjusts itself"?

Thomas Barker

Well, they say the exception proves the rule. How about a bow tie?

10. Dear Flannelmouth,

What does "magna cum laude" mean?

Russell Denbroeder

It means "with great honor," but what do *you* want to know for?

11. Dear Flannelmouth,

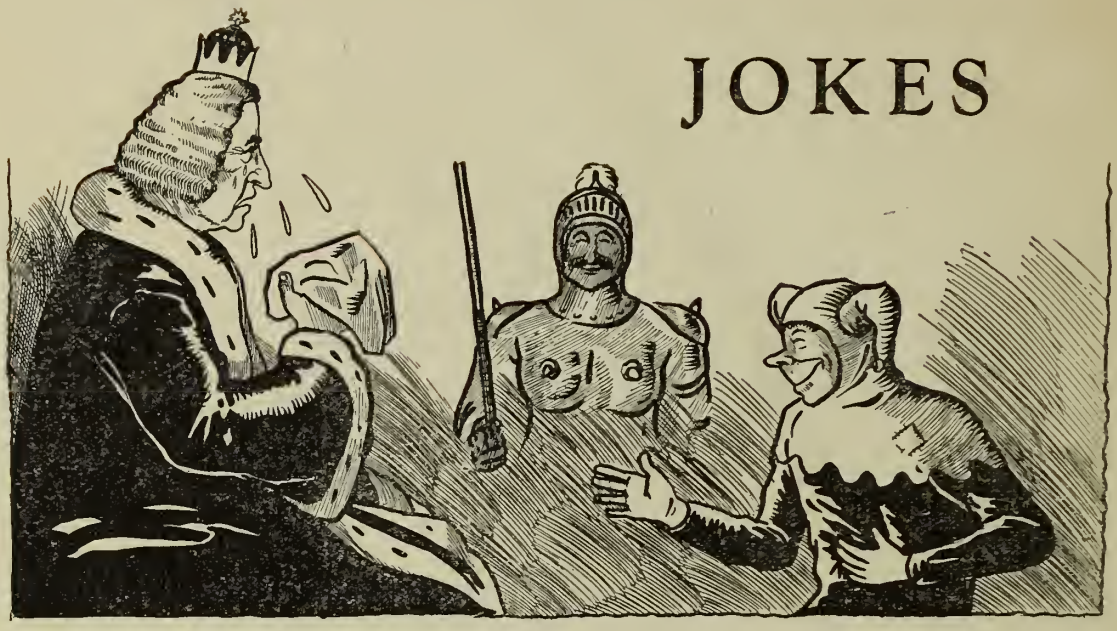
What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Edward Higgins

I don't know, but if I find out I'll send you some.

Oliver E. Peaslee
Locksmith
Wheels Re-tired *General Repairing*
Jackson Sq. E. Weymouth

JOKES



Mrs. White: Listen with both ears, Reidy, not one.

Voiee from rear: Oh, that's the trouble—he does. It eomes in both ears and gets mixed up in the empty spaee between.

Seniors will enjoy this bit gleaned from a joke book that is 99 years old:—

General Fitzpatrick said: "Ask any person of either house, who is the best informed man, the answer will eertainly be Mr. Edmund Burke. Who is the man of greatest wit? Mr. Burke. Who is the most eloquent? Mr. Burke. Who is the most tiresome of all orators? He will still reeeive the same answer—Mr. Burke."

Mrs. MaePherson: Jaek, O Jaek, what shall we name the baby?

Jack: Isn't there an old cup upstairs with "Fanny" engraved on it?

Mrs. M.: Sure.

Jaek: Well, name it Fanny. Then we shan't have to buy a new cup.

Miss Berry (Fr. IVA2): Tomorrow we shall read two pages of French for praetiee in pronuneiation.

B. Grieves: Do we have to read them in Freneh?

Usher (to eool, dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

The Lady: "Indeed, no! I am the bride's mother."

Sweet Frosh: Gee, this quarter was published by *E. Pluribus Unum!* Same as the niekel.

A seientist says every man should engage in a eertain amount of researeh. Looking for a parking spaee is suffieient researeh for us.

Mrs. White: What was the eomie element in the Noah's Ark play?

A. Smith: Er—er—Water!

First Executive: "Did you enjoy your vacation?"

Second: "Yeh, but there's nothing like the feel of a good desk under your feet again."

Robert complained in bitter terms one day
That Frank had taken his character away;
"I take your character!" said Frank; "why, zounds!
I wouldn't have it for a thousand pounds!'

LEFT-HANDEDNESS

"However you may sneer," says Ned,
"My friend's no fool—he has a head."
"True," says the other, with a grin,
He has a head—so has a pin."

A young man once said to Thomas A. Edison: "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?"

"No," replied Edison, "genius is perspiration."

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly looking up in her face he said:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify."

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when yc're packen my loonch."

Mrs. White: "Who was Diogenes?"

Lawlor: "He was a German professor."

Mr. Whittle (explaining spark plugs): Haven't you heard people say the timing is out?

P. Clark: Oh, yes, is that why they have a cork in it?

Seen in Adair's Encyclopedia:

"Joanna (1479-1555), Queen of Castile 1504; lost her reason, married Philip, son of Maximilian I."

At the anual town meeting held in a little town in Connecticut in 1831 three old bachelors were chosen selectmen. The occurrence suggested the following lines to some wag of the time:

"Strange things have come to pass:
That three sedate old bachelors
Are *fathers* of our town!"

MODERN JUVENILES

"Can we play store in here, Mamma?"

"Yes, but you must be very, very quiet."

"We will, Mamma. We'll pretend we don't advertise."

Miss Humphrey: What is predominant in the American life?

Boyd Gridley: Whoopee or Gridley the First.

History (IVA2)

Mr. O'Donnell: Who was Salmon P. Chase?

Voice from rear: He was a poor fish!

Small boy (viewing snow for first time): "Oh, mamma, look at the angel's dandruff fallin' from the sky!"

Mrs. White: What is one of Shakespear's best plays?

A. Smith: "The Taming of the Shoe."

J. Hawes: They say that gas saves in the end, though.

B. Libbey: What does it save?

J. Hawes: Coal.

Miss Humphrey: How does Europe show better quality?

Peterson: Finer sardines.

Mr. Griffin: Econ. IV C 2. What banks do not have any money?

Sherman: Sand banks.

E. Stub (to Althea Smith):

Gee, I didn't know you were a singer. Most singers are fat!

Arnold Smith: Give her time! Give her time!

J. Hawes (Physics IVA2):

Please define a wave.

Mr. Whittle: You ought to know better than I do!"

Miss Sanborn: (Eng. IV B 2.) When would you use "Dear Madam" in writing a letter?

Clarke: When you're writing to a female.

Mr. O'Donnell (Hist. IV B 2): And that's what the bulls and bears of Wall Street are!

Branley: What about the wolves?

GREAT GRIEF

A judge did once his servant call,
And say, "Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the hall,
And send me in the crier."
"And search, my Lord, in vain I may,"
The servant gravely said.
"The crier cannot cry today,
Because his wife is dead."

Teacher (to a tardy student): Why are you late?

Pupil: Well, a sign down there—

Teacher: Well, what has a sign got to do with it?

Pupil: The sign said: "School ahead, go slow."

Five year old, George is all grit, and to him any hurt he receives is usually trifling and of no consequence. Noticing one of his hands badly scratched, his grandmother said to him: "Gracious George! What's the matter with your hand?"

"Oh, that's nothin'," he said, "I jist scratched it on a cat."

Rastus: "Ef yo' says anything ter me, Ah'll make yo' eat yo' words, man."

Exodus: "Chicken dumplings, hot buscuits, and watermelon!"

A Striking Likeness

"Come hither, Sir John; my picture is here.

What think you, my love? Doesn't it strike you?"

"I can't say it does, just at present, my dear;

But I think it soon will, 'tis so like you."

Seen in Paper:

"The bride wore a bouquet of white roses and the groom was neatly dressed with a carnation.

(We hope they didn't catch cold.)

"Next." "Who, me?" "Yes, sir." "Where born?" "Russia." "What part?" "All of me." "Why did you leave Russia?" "I couldn't bring it with me." "Where were your forefathers from?" "I only had one father." "Your business?" "Rotten." "Where is Washington?" "He's dead." "I mean the capital of the United States?" "They loaned it all to Europe." "Now, do you promise to support the Constitution?" "Me? How can I? I've got a wife and six children to support."

It was reported to the late Dr. McCosh, while president of Princeton University, that a party was being held in one of the dormitories, "after hours." Thither the good doctor wended his way to investigate. To his knock at the door came the response: "Who's that?"

"It's me," replied the Doctor.

"Who's *me?*" came the query"

"Dr. McCosh," answered the Doctor.

"You're a liar. If it had been old Jimmy he would have said, 'It is I'; go about your business"—which Dr. McCosh said he did, on tiptoe, and refrained from telling the story for at least four years!

Suits and Topcoats made to order — $25 and up

Repairing —— Cleansing —— Pressing

Shoes, Clothing, Furnishings and Rubber Goods

C. R. DENBROEDER'S

Men's Wear Store

800 Broad Street 'Phone 0773-W East Weymouth

THE NEW NEIGHBORS

(Continued from page 19)

something to ask you—er—could I—would you er—

But here Mr. Potter interrupted him. "Yes, my boy, go right ahead, no objections whatever," and shortly after, entered the house.

Next morning saw a sky of gray, and by seven o'clock it was raining felines and canines. Nevertheless he whistled cheerily as he walked to the garage—for Potter always drove to the city. But upon opening the doors, he found the car gone. "Strange," he mused, "where did I leave it last?" He inquired of his wife, but without success.

His daughter was quick to enlighten him, however.

"Don't you remember; Henry asked you last night if he might borrow it this week, and you told him you had no objections whatever."

Relieved and yet disgusted, Mr. Potter walked to the depot through the pouring rain. And if the neighbors could have seen him then, they might have remarked—"You poor fish."

R. A. Hayward '30.

School Environment

The atmosphere at Burdett College is mentally stimulating. The contact between faculty and student is close. Interest is personal. Industry is encouraged. Time is conserved. Advancement is largely individual. Requirements for graduation are high. *Burdett Graduates Succeed In Business*

Burdett Students

Students at Burdett College last year came from 70 Universities and Colleges, 262 High Schools, 60 Academies and Preparatory Schools, and 142 other Business and Special Schools. More than 200 came from states outside Massachusetts and from foreign countries.

The New Building

The new Burdett College building is of fireproof construction. Roomy elevators provide service for students, officers, and visitors. Classrooms are flooded with sunlight and are splendidly equipped. Talks to the entire school are broadcast over an internal radio system with microphone in the executive offices.

Business Courses

for Young Men and Women

New Building of Burdett College

Courses at Burdett College provide training for Accounting, Financial, Treasury, Selling, Advertising, Secretarial, Stenographic, Office Management, Bookkeeping and other business positions. Special Review and Finishing Courses offered. Position service for graduates.

Previous commercial training not required for entrance.

The school has every modern facility. Students are trained by an able and interested faculty. A Burdett training is an investment in future progress.

Write for Booklet and Application *Visitors Welcome*

BURDETT COLLEGE

An Exceptional School for Young People

156 STUART STREET, Near Tremont St., BOSTON

Founded 1879 F. H. BURDETT, Pres. HANcock 6300

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers five year curriculums leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers five year collegiate courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
or
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and part of his other expenses.

For catalogue or any further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, *Director of Admissions*
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Printed by the Boys of the
PRINTING DEPARTMENT
WEYMOUTH VOCATIONAL SCHOOL
HARRY F. DUNCAN, Instructor
EAST WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS